

THE
BLACKBIRD,
CONTAINING ^K
One Hundred and Twenty-four
SONGS,
SCOTS and ENGLISH.

To which is added, the Songs in
LOVE IN A VILLAGE,
AND
THE MAID OF THE MILL, &c.

The THIRD EDITION,
With ADDITIONS.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by DAVID PATERSON;
For WILLIAM COKE, Bookseller in *Leith*.
MDCC LXXI.

THE
BLACKBIRD

CONTAINING

One Hundred and Twenty-four

SONGS

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH

THEY ARE ALL THE PROPERTY OF

JOHN IN A VILLAGE



THE NEW MILL, 32

THE THIRD EDITION

WITH ADDITIONS

EDINBURGH

Printed by DAVID PATTERSON

For WILLIAM GORDON, Bookseller, in LEITH

MDCCCXXII

I N D E X.

Beginning with the first Line of every SONG.

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I N D E X.

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
C H O I C E S O N G S.

S O N G I.

Tune, *Tarry woo'*.

C E L I A's voice, Celia's voice,
Sweetly on our senses win;
Guard us heav'n! guard us heav'n!
Guard us heav'n ere she begin!
When the pretty warbler sings,
Heav'n its store of pleasures brings;
Then, Oh! then, is heard and seen
Music's goddess, beauty's queen.

Charming Celia's voice we sing,
Sweet as balmy gale of spring,
Scattering odour as it blows,
O'er the vi'let and the rose:
Harp, viol, lute, in value fall,
Celia's voice excels them all;
Oblig'd are Ramsay's songs. I vow,
Celia, to your voice and you.

Oh! it is a pleasing trance,
And our hearts within us dance,
Tarry woo' when Celia sings,
Then we're borne on pleasure's wings:
Charms around the finger throng,
Angels listen to the song;
Round her all the swains rejoice,
Nought so sweet as Celia's voice.

B

Happy

Happy is the rural swain,
 Free from city care and pain ;
 He, with pleasure all the day,
 Sees his tender lambkins play ;
 But, ye gods, can any bliss,
 Any pleasure equal his,
 On whose ravish'd senses throng
 Celia's beauties, and her song

Though a simple shepherd I,
 Mighty kings I don't envy ;
 I am happier than a king,
 Whilst I hear my Celia sing.
 But when Celia sings adieu,
 In the song of *Tarry woo'*,
 Then am I a pensive swain,
 Till the fair resume the strain.

Sing, my fairest, sing again,
 Since your silence gives me pain ;
 And continue singing still,
 Till I say I have my fill.
 Warble, fairest, warble on,
 Never let the song be done ;
 Still I find the pleasure new,
 Never, never sing adieu.

II. *Blow ye Winter's Wind.*

BLLOW, blow, ye winter's wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ?
 That doth not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot.
 What tho' the waters warp,
 Their sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.
 Though raging waters roll,
 Would not afflict my soul,

Like

Like false ungrateful man;
 Thy danger's not so great
 As friendship turn'd to hate,
 Privately to trapan.

Thou dreadful thunder! roar,
 Thou wouldst not hurt me more
 Than slighted friendship can:
 Although, thou may'st surprize,
 Thou dost not tyrannize
 Like proud insulting man.

Fierce light'ning! dart and fly,
 Thou hast more clemency
 Than one who does pretend
 Much kindness for to show,
 Yet seeks your overthrow
 And ruin in the end.

III. *The VICAR of BRAE.*

IN good King CHARLES' golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous high-church man I was,
 And so I gain'd preferment:
 To teach my flock I never miss'd,
 Kings are by heav'n appointed;
 And they are damn'd that do resist,
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.

*And this is law I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Brae, Sir,*

When royal JAMES obtained the crown,
 And Pop'ry came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The church of Rome I found would suit
 Full well my constitution,
 And I'd become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When WILLIAM was our king declar'd
 To ease the nation's grievance,

About with this new wind I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance :
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke ;
 A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious ANNE became our queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen ;
 So I became a Tory ;
 Occasional Conformists base
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And swore the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
 I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, Sir ;
 And so preferment I procur'd
 By our own faith's defender ;
 And always ev'ry day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

The royal house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 For them I jovially will swear,
 While they can keep possession :
 In this my faith and loyalty
 No man can say I faulted,
 For GEORGE my sov'reign king shall be,
 Until the times do alter.

*And this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Brae, Sir.*

IV. *The drunken wife o' Galloway.*

DOwn in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
The wife she drank naithing but wine and Canary;
The goodman he complain'd to her friends, right airly.

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
Since, she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
That carried me through the dub and the lairie.

Oh! &c.

She's drunken her stockens, fae has she her shoon,
And now she has drunken her bonny new gown;
She's drunken her sark that cover'd her rarely.

Oh! &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad nae much care;
But when she drinks my claihs, I canna well spare,
When I'm wi' my gossip, it angers me fairly.

Oh! &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid in a wad,
The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

Oh! &c.

The bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
To her neighbour's wife she's laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff, that I loo'd so dearly.

Oh! &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

Oh! &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse,
If I seek a baubie, she'll scold and she'll curse,
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

Oh! &c.

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow;
But when she sits down, she drinks till she's fou;
And when she is fou, she's unco campstarie.

Oh! &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, or minds the house wants;
Roars some foolish sang, like *Up your heart Charlie*.

Oh! &c.

(8)

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
She calls the lasses baith bitches and jads,
And me my ainsel, an auld Cuckold Carlie.
Oh! gin my wife wad drink booly and fairly.

V. *The new way of MAGGY LAUDER.*

WHA wou'dna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
He speer'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Be gone, ye hallanshaker,
Job on your gate, ye blatherskate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.
Maggy, quo' he, now by my bags,
I'm fidgin fain to see ye;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In truth, I winna steer ye:
For I am a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter:
The lasses loup, as they were dast,
When I blow up my chanter.
Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
Gif ye be Rob we've heard of you,
Live you upon the border?
The country all, baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter,
Ill shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif you'll blow up your chanter.
Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
For bra'ly could she frisk it.
Well done, quo' he, play't up, quo' she;
Well bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter:
'Tis worth my while to play, quo' he,
When I get sic a dancer.
Well ha'e ye play'd your part, quo' Meg;
Your cheeks are like the crimson:
There's nane in Scotland plays like you,
Since we lost Habbie Simson.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 When ye come there, to Anster fair,
 Speer ye for Maggy Lauder.

VI.

*WE're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
 And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet,
 Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit;
 For we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.*

There was a lad, and they call'd him Dickey,
 He gave me a kiss, and I bit his lippey;
 Then under my apron he shewed me a trick,
 And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
 There were three lasses, and them they had;
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
 And we'll a' get gear enough, we're but young.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey,
 Up went Ailey, now;
 Then up went Ailey, quo' Crumma,
 We'll a' get roaring fou'.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

And one was kiss'd in the barn;
 Another was kiss'd on the green;
 And t'other behind the peat-stack,
 'Till the fire flew out of her een.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Now fye John Thomson run,
 Gin ever you ran in your life;
 De'il get you, but hie my dear Jock,
 There's a man got to bed with your wife.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,
 And egad he ran with speed;
 But before he had run the length,
 The false loon had done the deed.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet, &c.

VII. *The CUCKOW.*

WHEN daizes py'd, and vi'lets blue,
 And ladies smocks all silver white,
 And Cuckow-buds, of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The Cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks marry'd men, mocks marry'd men,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, Cuckow, Cuckow,
 O word of fear! O word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherd's pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 And turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maiden's bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then, &c.

When Robin's following of the plow;
 And oxen i' the green meadows low;
 When Margery's squeezing Colley's dugs,
 To make her sugar syllabubs,
 The cuckow then, &c.

When rural swains at country wakes,
 Do treat their nymphs with ale and cakes,
 Where Doll and Poll, and Nell and Sue,
 Wear knots of green, and red, and blue,
 The cuckow then, &c.

When pretty nymphs, and jolly swains,
 Do nimble trip it in ev'ry plain,
 With pleasant and delightful air,
 Unto some merry country fair;
 The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks marry'd men, mocks marry'd men,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, Cuckow, Cuckow,
 O word of fear! O word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

VIII. *The LASS of St. OSYTHE.*

AT St. Osythe, by the mill,
 There dwells a lovely lass,

Oh! had I her good will,
 How gaily life would pass!
 No bold intruding care,
 My blefs should e'er annoy;
 Her smiles would gild despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scenes,
 Her heartsome beauty charms;
 Like them, with joy serene,
 Our wishing heart they warm.
 Her looks, with sweetness crown'd,
 Steal ev'ry sense away:
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and ease,
 Without her tasteless are,
 She gives them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserved for my share:
 Indulgent, hear my wish,
 'And grant it all in her.

IX. *The kind ANSWER.*

OH! Jemmy's a lad so gay
 He's all my soul's delight;
 He's all my thoughts by day,
 And all my dreams by night:
 No intruding rival e'er
 Shall Jemmy's love molest,
 'Tis he alone's my care,
 And dwells within my breast.

When first that we did meet,
 Cupid he play'd his part;
 Young Jemmy's kisses sweet
 Soon stole away my heart:
 His blyth and bonny parts
 His witty gilded tongue,
 Wou'd ravish all the hearts
 Of virgins fair and young.

Well,

Well, Jemmy, since I find
 That to me thou art true,
 For ever I'll be kind,
 And constant unto you.
 Then to the church let's go,
 Where we'll be fairly wed,
 Our joys shall overflow
 In lawful marriage bed.

X. *Mad TOM of Bedlam.*

FOrth from my sad and darksome cell,
 Or from the deep abyss of hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
 To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain;
 Hark! how the angry furies howl!
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad
 To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.
 Thro' the world I wander night and day
 To find my struggling senses.
 In an angry mood I found old Time,
 With pentateuch of senses;
 When me he spies,
 Away he flies;
 For time will stay for no man;
 In vain with cries
 I rend the skies;
 For pity is not common,
 Cold and comfortless I lie,
 Help, O help! or else I die.
 Hark! I hear
 Apollo's team
 The Car-man 'gins to whistle
 Chaste Diana
 Bends her bow;
 The boar begins to bristle.
 Come Vulcan, with tools and tackle,
 Shake off my troublesome shackle;
 Let Charles make ready his wane
 To bring me my senses again.
 Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
 Mars met Venus in the dark.

Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
 And furiously ran at the God of War:
 Mars with his weapon laid about;
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout:
 His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
 He could not see to aim his blows aright:
 Mercury, the nimble post of heav'n,
 Stood still to see the quarrel;
 Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, giant-like,
 Bestrid a strong beer-barrel.
 To me he drank,
 I did him thank;
 But I could get no cyder;
 He drank whole butts,
 'Till he crakt his guts;
 But mine were ne'er the wider.
 Poor naked Tom is very dry;
 A little drink for charity.
 Hark! I hear
 Acteon's hounds;
 The huntsman whoops and hollows,
 Ringwood, Royster,
 Bowman, Jowler;
 At the chace he now follows.
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot:
 A cup of old Malago sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

XI. *The Happy Freedom.*

Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair:
 Who puff up their pride, by enhancing their charms,
 And tell them, 'tis heaven to lie in their arms:
 Be wise by example, take pattern by me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
For let what will happen, &c.

When I in the net by young Daphne was caught,
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as nature had taught;
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon,
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon;
She

She said she was ruin'd; I said it might be,
I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove, &c.
I'm sorry, my dear, &c

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn,
 The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn;
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 That none can be handsome but such as are kind;
 Her pride and ill nature were lost upon me,
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove, &c.
For in spite of, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise;
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis a strange rage,
 And, like birds, they sing best when confin'd in a cage;
 Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me;
Let who will be bond slaves, by Jove, &c.
Let who will, &c.

Then let a brisk bumper run over the glass,
 In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
 Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool;
 Let's bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove, &c.

XII. The ANSWER.

HOW dare you, bold Strephon, presume thus to prate,
 And lash the fair sex at this monstrous rate?
 You boast of your freedom; 'tis not long ago
 Since you was a slave to fair Chloe, you know.
 When the next arrow pierces, I pray send for me;
I'll return you this answer, by Jove I'll be free.
I'll return you this answer, &c.

You say that young Daphne you brought to disgrace;
 But I thank my kind stars, it is none of my case;
 I will take special care, Sir, of yielding too soon,
 Nor will I despair at the change of the moon;
 'Twas ne'er in your power yet to ruin me,
So I tell you, with courage, by Jove I'll be free.
So I tell you, with courage, &c.

The

The next was young Phillis, whom beauties adorn,
 She serv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with scorn:
 When the fox could not get the sweet grapes in his pow'r,
 He gave them a curse, and said they were sour;
 For those nymphs that are wise, Sir, and won't ruin'd be,

With spleen you despise, and by Jove you'll be free.

With spleen you despise, &c.

Altho' you make sport, Sir, of the married state,
 Remember, proud Strephon, it may be your fate;
 In the height of your fever, your pains to assuage,
 When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a cage;
 When mirth, wine, and music, no cordial can be;

May the fair one then answer, By Jove I'll be free.

May the fair one, &c.

I wish that all women would follow my rule;
 Then soon, haughty Strephon, you'd look like a fool,
 When Cupid has shot with a well pointed dart,
 And made an impression upon your vain heart,
 When trembling and pale you approach the fair she,

May she scornfully answer, By Jove I'll be free.

May she scornfully answer, &c.

But give me the man that can live without feint;
 (For natural beauty is far beyond paint,)
 Who thinks it a blessing to settle for life,
 And knows how to value a virtuous wife.

So I'll wait with pleasure to find the kind he,

And then I desire no more to be free.

And then I desire, &c.

XIII. MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEarken! and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie came here to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do;

The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
 Maggy, I'll hae you to be my bride,

With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dadie's door,

With a fal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doghter's love to win,
 I care na for making meikle din;

What answer gi' ye me?

Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie you my doghter's love to win,

With a fal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town?

I think my doghter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse!

With a fal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they call it Cadeneugh;

I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I had frae the great laird
 A peat-pat and a lang-kail yard,

With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;

I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waist,

With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
 And for mysell you need na fear,

Troth try me whan you like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',

With a fal, &c.

The maiden blusht, and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dadie she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he gae her the tither kifs,
 Syne ran to her dadie, and tell'd him this,

With a fall, &c.

Your doghter wadna say me na,
 But to yoursell she has left it a',

As we could agree between us twa ;

Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her ?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,

But sic's I hae, ye's get a-pickle,

With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,

Three soums of sheep, twa good milk ky ;

Ye's hae the wadding dinner free ;

Troth, I dow do na mair.

Content, quoth he, a bargain be't.

I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't.

With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,

Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass ;

But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,

Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands,

With a fal, &c.

And our bride's, maidens were na few,

Wi tap knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,

Frae tap to tae they were braw new,

And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were fae clean,

They glanced in our ladses een,

With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,

Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;

The minstrels they did never bliu

Wi' meikle mirth and glee

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,

And ay their wames together met,

With a fal, &c.

XIV. *Clout the Caldron.*

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a fingle flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For, lady fair, though I appear
 To every ane a tinker,
 Yet to your sell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa;
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinker?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron;
 For I've a tinker under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

XV. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart;

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty? How sweet are the charms?
 How delightful embraces? How peaceful her arms?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

XVI. *JOHN OCHILTREE.*

Honest man John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree;
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I want to do!

Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!

Now want to do's away frae me,

Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou do dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!

Walarways! I dow to do!

To whost and hirple o'er my tree,

My bonny moor powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree ;

For muny a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,
And wadna keep a bridle hand ;
Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,
My filly auld John Ochiltree

*Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing :
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life sustain.*

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree :

Hae done, it has nae sa'r wi' me :
I'll fet the beast in through the land,
Ev'n sit thou here, and drink thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do still.

XVII.

ILL sing you a song was never in print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find nothing in't.

Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I flight,
And I don't care a pin if I get nothing by't.

Tol, tol, &c.

Fire, air, earth, and water, birds, beasts, fish, and men,
Did start out of nothing, a chaos, a den,
And all things must turn to nothing again.

Tol, tol, &c.

The lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,
And hopes to obtain her by fighting and seething,
Most frequently makes much ado about nothing.

Tol, tol, &c.

But soon as his patience and purse is decay'd,
He may to the arms of a whore be betray'd ;
For she that is nothing must needs be a maid.

Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit ;
As when fools among wise men do silently sit,
The fool that says nothing, may pass for a wit.

Tol, tol, &c.

When

When first by the ears we together did fall,
Then something got nothing, and nothing got all,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall.

Tol, tol, &c.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,
And says, that on nothing I nothing have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Tol, tol, &c.

But let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word nothing may give him a fall;
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Tol, tol, &c.

So let ev'ry man give the poet his due,
For then it was with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when he had nothing to do.

Tol, tol, &c.

This very word nothing, if took the right way,
May be of advantage; for what will you say,
When the landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?

Tol, tol, &c.

XVIII. *Love and Reason.*

LOVE bids me go, but reason bids me stay:

O why must love and reason disagree?

Love racks my soul, when reason I obey;

If love I follow, reason tortures me.

Unhappy wretch! and must I then endure

This changing pain for ever in my mind?

From this, or that, in vain I seek a cure:

Ah! could love see! or was but reason blind!

Look down with pity from your thrones above,

You powers eternal! infinitely blest!

And from me take my reason, or my love,

Or reconcile them both, and give me rest.

XIX.

YOUNG Celia, in her tender years,

Like th' rose-bud on its stalk,

Fill'd with a virgin's modest fears,

Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.

She

She oft had heard of love's blind boy,
 And wish'd to find him out,
 Expecting for to meet the joy
 Of which she'd been in doubt.

A pleasant shady grove she spy'd,
 Where trembling aspens shook,
 Close to its flow'ry verge did glide
 A murm'ring limpid brook.

Amyntor sighing there she found,
 She heard him talk of love;
 His crook lay by him on the ground,
 While thus he pray'd to Jove,

Grant, mighty pow'r! that I may find
 Some ease within this breast;

Grant that my Celia may be kind,
 And make Amyntor blest.

Grant her to know the force of love,
 And of her swain's desire;

Grant that of me she may approve,
 And more I'll ne'er require.

XX.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast;
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.

*Let him be merry, merry there;
 And we'll be merry, merry here:
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year?*

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
 •With ne'er a penny in's purse.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a company of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed;
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead;
Let him be merry, &c.

XXI.

HOW happy's the man, that like you, Sir,
 His pretty dear person admires!
 Who, when the fair it won't do, Sir,
 Content to his idol retires.
 He turns to his glass,
 Where, in his sweet face
 Such ravishing beauties disclose;
 His heart on fire,
 Is sure his desire
 No rival will ever oppose.
 But when to a nymph a pretender,
 Poor mortal, he splits on a shelf!
 How little a thing will defend her,
 From one that makes love to himself?
 While nice in dress,
 And sure of success,
 He thinks she can never get free:
 With smiling eyes
 She rallies, and flies,
 And laughs at his merit, like me.

XXII. *The Sailor's Rant.*

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main,
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action
 For power and profit in view.
 Chor. *Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
 Goes thorough the wide world, brave boys.*

The

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife,
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountaneous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.

Chor. Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, who to politics are strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature

In various nations we try;

No mortals than us can be greater,

Who merrily live till we die.

Chor. Then why should, &c.

XXIII. *Kind ROBIN lo'es me.*

Robin. **W**HILST I alone your soul possess'd,
 And none more lov'd your bosom press'd,
 Ye gods, what king like me was bless'd,
 When kind Jeany lo'ed me!

Jeany. Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
 What queen with Jeany could compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me?

Robin. Katie now commands my heart,
 Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save, with mine I'd part;
 For kind Katie lo'es me.

Jeany. Patie now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice;
 For kind Patie lo'es me.

Robin. What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain;
 For kind Robin lo'es thee.

Jeany.

Jeany. Though Patie's kind as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me.

XXIV. *Tune, Gilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine;
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections prest,
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart,
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art:
To make a beauty, she.

XXV. *Joy to Great CESAR.*

JOY to great Cesar
Long life, love, and pleasure,
'Tis a health that divine is;
Fill your glafs full as mine is:
Let none fear a fever,
But take it off thus, boys;
Let the king live for ever,
'Tis the better for us, boys.

Try all the loyal,
 Defy all, give denial.
 Sure none thinks his glass too big here,
 Nor any prig here,
 Or sneaking Whig here
 Of cripple Tony's crew,
 That now looks blue,
 His heart akes too,
 The tap won't do,
 His zeal so true,
 And projects new,
 Ill fate does now pursue.
 Let Tories guard the king,
 Let Whigs in halter swing,
 Let Pilk and Shute be shamm'd;
 Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd;
 Let cheating play'rs be nick'd,
 The turn-coat scribe be kick'd,
 Let rebel city dons
 Ne'er beget their sons;
 Let every Whiggish peer
 That rapes a lady fair,
 And leaves his only dear
 The sheets to gnaw and tear,
 Be punish'd out of hand,
 And forc'd to pawn his land,
 T' atone the grand affair.
 Great Charles, like Jehovah,
 Spares foes would unking him.
 And warms with his graces
 The vipers that sting him;
 'Till crown'd with just anger
 The rebel he seizes;
 Thus heav'n can thunder
 Whenever it pleases.
 Then to the duke fill up the glass,
 The son of our martyr, belov'd of the king:
 Envy'd and lov'd,
 Yet bless'd from above,
 Secur'd by an angel safe under his wing,
 Faction and folly,
 And state melancholy,

With

With Tony in Whigland for ever shall dwell;
 Let wit, wine, and beauty
 Then teach us our duty,
 For none can e'er love, or be wise, and rebel.

XXVI.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest flow'rs;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day
 My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close these eyes;
 But gazing still, with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then as soon as chearful day
 Dispels the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing labour with delight;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid, whom thus I love,
 Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

XXVII.

LIFE is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure:

D

See

See the crew in flannel jerkins,
 Drinking, toping sip by firkins;
 And as they raise the tip
 To their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
 Prithee Sam, Prithee Tom,
 Let the can go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle :
 Bustle, bustle, my boys,
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while,
 For labour's the price of our joys,
 For labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces.

S. And as they raise their notes
 Through their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark the crew, their cares discarding,
 With husslecap, or with chuck-farthing:

S. Still in merry pin,
 Let 'em lose or win,
 On the deck, &c.

XXVIII. *The charms of lovely PEGGY.*

O Nce more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun just rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangl'd thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn

As does my lovely Peggy.

And when, in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,

Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight,
All pleases while she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night;

All's dark without my Peggy.

When zephyrs on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,

And, trust me, nought but truth I say,

The fragrant breath of blooming May,

Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy.

And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,

My words shall be, when I depart,

Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

XXIX.

HAIL, sacred muse, and vocal shell,
That wont the joys of love to tell;
Now turn your song to mournful strains,
My joys are fled, my love remains!

Wanton Cupid, idle toyer,
 Pleasant tyrant, soft destroyer,
 Do not thus my heart controul.
 Phaon flies me far away,
 Reason does renounce thy sway,
 Yet contented I obey.
 Ever raging,
 Past asswaging,
 Love possesses all my soul.

Beneath the sad and silent gloom,
 I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom;
 But not the shades that banish day,
 Drive Phaon's brighter form away :
 A youth so shap'd, with such a mein,
 A front like that of love serene,
 With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
 And wit that ever charms the fair,
 The spiteful gods contriv'd for ruin,
 And deck'd him thus for my undoing.

Oh ! the soft transporting pleasure !
 When we yield our virgin treasure !
 When we meet the joyous lover,
 And an equal flame discover ;
 Nothing now to love denying,
 Both with guiltless rapture dying !
 Oh ! the soft transporting bliss !
 What is life or fame to this !

I rave, I rave, unhappy maid ;
 That name my folly does upbraid,
 To shame, remorse, and death betray'd !
 What power, what god can send relief !
 Sicilian virgins shun the arts
 Whence my misfortunes rise,
 With ease my Phaon conquers hearts,
 With ease neglects the prize.

I dream, or in some rival's arms,
 Forgetful of my ris'd charms,
 I behold the perjur'd boy !
 Anguish waste,
 Lightning blast,

Heaven

Heaven forsake her,
 Hell o'ertake her,
 E'er she tastes the rising joy !

No—let her triumph, let her prize
 The faithless wretch whom I despise :
 By his ingratitude set free,
 I'll reap the sweets of liberty.
 Mighty hero, could you leave me ?
 Did my charmer hope to grieve me ?

Thus be all thy wishes blasted,
 For no longer I adore thee ;
 Had thy love one moment lasted
 Happly I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon, so will I,
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Gay and airy,
 Form'd to vary,
 I to pain you,
 Will disdain you,

And to nobler conquests fly.

Resentment, pride, and glowing shame,
 Once guardians of my spotless fame,
 By conqu'ring love, though banish'd hence,
 Again vouchsafe me your defence ;
 Assert an empire late your own,
 And shake the tyrant on his throne :
 Support me ! aid me ! for I feel
 My fainting resolution reel.
 Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow,
 We lose to-day, to wait to-morrow.
 He may return, my Phaon may——
 I cheat myself, why does he stay ?

Shall Sappho, like a helpless maid,
 Pine to death, of death afraid ?
 I've try'd all female arts in vain,
 Dissembled scorn, and false disdain ;
 For, oh ! with real grief oppress'd,
 I burn, and tempests shake my breast.

Oh ! what torments wound my heart !

Gentle death, in pity take me,

And perform thy grateful duty,
 Since my Phaon does forsake me,
 To thy arms I yield my beauty,
 Kinder thine than Cupid's dart.

XXX.

I Gently touch'd her hand, she gave
 A look that did my soul enslave;
 I prest her rebel lips in vain,
 They rose up to be prest again:
 Thus happy I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid;
 And a quick light impression made;
 They with a kindly warmth did glow,
 And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
 Yet trust me, I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her eyes my eyes did prey,
 O'er her smooth limbs my hand did stray;
 Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
 And my soul stood prepar'd for flight:
 Blame me not, if at last I meant,
 More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

XXXI. *Colin and Grisy parting.*

With broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,

Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,

But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
 'T breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauty which invites my wonder;

Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;

Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me though we funder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her;

When that blest'd time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never funder.

XXXII. *The Gaberlunzie-Man.*

THE pauky auld carle came o'er the lee;
Wi' mony good-e'ens and days to me;
Saying, Good-wife, for your courtesie,

Will ye lodge a silly poor man?

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;

My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap;
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I would never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken,

What thir flee twa together were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O! quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,

And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,

And

And wylily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane,
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claife;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To spear for the silly poor man.

She gade to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, waladay,
 For some our gear will be gane,
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 Bus nought was stown that could be mist;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naithing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste you find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain:
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood and out of her wit,
 She cou'd nae gang, nor yet cou'd she sit;
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time, far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new-cheeie a whang.
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay he gae her his aith;
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou,

Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,

To follow me from town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need:

Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,

And cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

XXXIII.

TO markets and fairs I do repair,
As other maidens do,

To see what young men will be there,
My person for to view;

But all in vain, I turn again,
Since none can fancy me.

Then what shall I do, shall I die a maid,
And never married be!

My sister Peg, by her consent,
Was made a wedded wife,

And with her husband she doth live
A quiet and happy life.

But I, poor girl, must ly alone,
Though twice as fair as she,

O what shall I do, &c.

I wear no napkins round my neck,
My bobbies for to hide,

I comb my hair, and look so smart,
Each day that I do ride.

My petticoats they are so short,
Young men my white legs see.

What shall I do, &c.

I hearing this fair maid's complaint,
As in a bush I lay,

I hearken'd to her pleasant song,
 And to her thus did say;
 Thy beauty bright has pleas'd my sight,
 Both heart and mind agree,
 It shall ne'er be said you dy'd a maid,
 If you can fancy me.

XXXIV. *Tak your auld Cloak about ye.*

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts fae bald,
 Was threatning a' our ky to kill;
 Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
 Said unto me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Crommy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crommie is a good milk cow,
 And she is come of a good kine:
 Aft has she wat the bairns's mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne:
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list fou hie,
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now 'tis scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this mony a year,
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn,
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when good King ROBERT rang,
 His trews they cost but haf a crown,
 He swore they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree.
 'Tis pride puts a' our kinty down,
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land hath its ain laigh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the warld's a gane daft,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the afe;
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis therty year,
 Sen we did ane anither ken,
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be,
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.
 Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 Yet she would guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I oft maun yield, though I'm goodman.
 Nought's to be won at women's hand,
 Unless me gie them a' the plea,
 Sine I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

XXXV. *Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart!
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, whilst thou art warm;
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy, in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms;
 Delusive dreams, ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my arms.
 Then waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline

Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine:

Thy petticoat would give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heav'n has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
By hind'ring the design.

May all the pow'rs of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

XXXVI.

Blyth Colin's blest art
Has bewitch'd my young heart,
And trust me there's place for no other.

Should he once cease to woo,
What must poor Molly do?

For there's not in the world such another.
There's not in the world such another,

No lad on the plain
Sure can pipe like my swain;
So sweetly can carol no other.

How oft in the vale

Have I heard his soft tale?

And by moon-light he'll tell me another,
And by moon-light, &c.

Wit, beauty and truth

All bedeck the dear youth,

And persuade me my love not to smother,

He has riches in store,

Yet he courts me, though poor;

Nay, he swears that he dotes on no other,
Nay he swears, &c.

Should

Should he chance to proclaim
 To the shepherds his flame,
 They'll envy and make a great pother.
 Let the nymphs praise or rail,
 All their malice will fail,
 In spite I will think of no other,
 In spite, &c.

To the church on the brow
 Once he pointed, I vow,
 And with kisses me almost did smother;
 Not a word could I say,
 But I long for the day;
 Oh ! he'll marry me one time or other,
 Oh ! he'll marry me, &c.

XXXVII. *Hearts of Oak.*

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to honour we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year :
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves.

*Hearts of oak are our ships ; hearts of oak are our men ;
 We always are ready ;*

Steady boys, steady :

We'll fight, and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er meet our foes, but we wish them to slay ;
 They never meet us, but they wish us away :
 If they run, then we follow, and run them ashore ;
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

They talk to invade us, our terrible foes !
 They frighten our women, our children and beaux ;
 But if their flat bottoms in darkness come o'er,
 Sure Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll make them to run, and we'll make them to sweat,
 In spite of the devil and Brussel's Gazette.

Then chear up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king.

Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

XXXVIII. *MAGGIE'S Tocher.*

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And Magie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her.
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting shot:
 And syne came ben the las,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither.
 An ye wad gie's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gie you her by the hand:
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik;
 The las bound in her snood.
 And Crummie wha kens her stake;
 Wi' an auld bedden o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither.
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:
 We are but young ye ken,
 And now we're gaun the gither;
 A house is butt and ben,
 And Crummie will want her fother;
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither!
 We have neither pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that you need na fear,

Twa good stils to the pleugh,
 And ye your fell maun steer ;
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks,
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal ;
 With ane old kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare :
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my koots :
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look sae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cog of swats,
 We'll make na mair toom rouse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me sae plain ;
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain ;
 But sin that things are sae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be ;
 Fy cry on Giles the mither ;
 Content, I am, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An' they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

XXXIX. *Balance a Straw.*

From the man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
 I will freely distinguish the wretch I despise;
 And if he had the sense to balance a straw,
 He would surely take a hint from the picture I draw.

Fal de ral, &c.

As a peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon;
 And if he had the sense but to balance a straw,
 He would surely take a hint from the picture I draw.

Fal de ral, &c.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
 Like a parrot he prattles, and struts like a crow;
 And if he had the sense but to balance a straw,
 He would surely take a hint from the picture I draw.

Fal de ral, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, as fierce as a hog;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
 In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His brains are of lead, and his head as a feather.
 And if he had the sense but to balance a straw,
 He would surely take a hint from the picture I draw.

Fal de ral, &c.

XL.

Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.
 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
 My bosom glow'd; the subtil flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame:
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With

With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd:
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

XLI.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? Ah, what can it mean?
 Why flutters my heart, that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling, when Daphne is near!
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear!
 For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish your face.
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.
 Untainted by folly, unfully'd by pride;
 There native good humour and virtue reside.
 Pray heav'n that virtue thy soul may supply,
 With compassion for him, who, without thee, must die.

XLII. *Advice to MOLLY.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly, who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our care,
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;
 Too late may repent being coy.
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold!
 Our youth we can have but to day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

XLIII. *The ANSWER.*

CAN lawless desire be call'd love?
 Can reason and folly agree?
 O Molly, if wise you would prove,
 Take care that you be not too free.
 Let profligate wretches pretend,
 They alone have a relish for joy;
 They affirm what they cannot defend,
 And themselves their own pleasures destroy.
 Bright wisdom relieves all our cares;
 Mad passion produces distress,
 Coveying it down to gray hairs,
 Too late for the hope of redress.
 Then, Molly, be kind to the youth,
 Whose virtue deserves your respect;
 His ardour, attended with truth,
 Will prevent any fears of neglect.

XLIV.

LET masonry be now my theme,
 Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
 And eternize each worthy brother's name;
 Your praise shall to the skies resound,
 In lasting happiness abound,
 And with sweet union all your noble deeds be crown'd.
*Chor. Sing then, my muse, to mason's glory;
 Your names are so rever'd in story,
 That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.*

Let harmony divine inspire:
 Your souls with love and generous fire,
 To copy well wise Solomon your fire.
 Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart,
 The rules of geometry t' impart,
 Whilst wisdom, strength, and beauty crown the glorious
Chor. Sing then, my muse, &c. (art.)

Let noble Leven's health go round,
 In swelling cups all cares be drown'd,
 And hearts united mongst the craft be found.
 May everlasting scenes of joy
 His peaceful hours of bliss employ,
 Which time's all conqu'ring hand shall ne'er, shall ne'er
Chor. Sing then, my muse, &c. (destroy. My

My brethren, thus all cares resign;
 Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine;
 And veneration show to Solomon's shrine,
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
 That late posterity may say,
 We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy, happy day.
 Chor. *Sing then, my muse, to mason's glory,
 Your names are so rever'd in story,
 That all the admiring world do now adore ye.*

XLV.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great lecture,
 And refine on the rules of old architecture:
 High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.
 We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,
 And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus's fam'd age;
 Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise under Leven's great reign.
 The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
 Shall amaze the nice eye, and engage the whole heart:
 Porportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,
 Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.
 Then, Master and brethren, preserve your great name,
 This lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you fame;
 Rever'd it shall stand, 'till all nature expire,
 And its glories ne'er fade, 'till the world is on fire.
 See! see! behold here what rewards all our toil,
 Inspires our genius, and makes labour smile:
 To our noble grand master let a bumper be crown'd,
 To all masons a bumper; so let it go round.
 Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
 Our antient firm union, cement with a glass,
 And all the contention 'mongst masons shall be,
 Who better can work, or who better agree.

XLVI.

HAIL Masonry! thou craft divine!
 Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd;
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but mason's eyes conceal'd.

Chor.

Chor. *Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?*

As men from beasts distinguish'd are,

A mason other men excels;

For what's in knowledge choice or rare,

But in his breast securely dwells?

Chor. *His silent breast, and faithful heart,
Preserves the secrets of the art.*

From scorching heat and piercing cold,

From beasts whose roar the forest rends:

From the assaults of warriors bold,

The mason's art mankind defends.

Chor. *Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receive such aid.*

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,

Distinctions troublesome and vain!

By mason's true are laid aside,

Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

Chor. *Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.*

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,

Friendly converse of brotherhood,

The lodge's lasting cement be,

Which has for ages firmly stood.

Chor. *A lodge thus built, for ages past
Has lasted, and will ever last.*

Then in your songs be justice done

To those who have enrich'd the art,

From Jabel down to Burlington,

And let each brother bear a part.

Chor. *Let noble masons' healths go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.*

XLVII.

THursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May,

Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,

Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,

The lofty sails of France advancing now:

All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine;

Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;

Let every hand supply his gun.

Follow me, and you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,

To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep.

He led a noble train of heroes bold,

To sink the English admiral and his fleet.

Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory doth aspire ;

The bloody fight's begun ; the sea is all on fire :

And mighty Fate stood looking on ;

Whilst a flood, all of blood,

Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturb the air ;

With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore ;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,

To see the lofty streamers now no more ;

At six o'clock, the red the smiling victors led,

To give a second blow, the total overthrow ;

And death and horror equal reign.

Now they cry, run or die,

British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands ;

One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater fate.

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands ;

The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate ;

For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,

From thy untimely end thy master's fate began ;

Enough thou mighty God of war !

Now we sing, blest the king,

Let us drink to every British tar.

XLVIII.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,

Did march up Birslic brae, man ;

And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,

As fast at he could gae, man ;

While General Cope did taunt and mock,

Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;

But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,

We heard another craw, man,

The

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man :
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with dev'lish thuds, man :
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man.
 On Seaton-crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them run like daft, man.
 The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee, when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man.
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man ;
 Some wat their cheeks ; some fyl'd their breeks ;
 And some for fear did fa', man.
 The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow but they were crouse, man ;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earns',
 They were not worth a louse, man ;
 Maist feck gade hame, O fy for shame !
 They'd better staid awa', man ;
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.
 * Monteith the great, when her fell flit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra-hill, e'er he stood still ;
 Before he tasted meat, man ;
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man ;
 And † Simpson keen, to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man ;

Did

* Monteith, minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, happened, the night before the battle, to come upon a Highlander, easing nature at Preston, threw him over, took his gun away, and carried it as a trophy to Cope's camp.

† Mr Simpson minister of Falla, volunteer, who brag'd that he would convince the rebels of their error by the force of his arms, having for that purpose, five pistols, viz. two in his pockets, two in hulster cases, and one on his belt.

Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
 Was cleanly out o' fight, man,
 And thought it best, it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.
 'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
 But twa, and an was tane, man ;
 For * Campbell rade, but † Myrie staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking red het gore, man.
 But Gardner brave did still behave,
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.
 And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man ;
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he ca'd for aid, man ;
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.
 He made sic haste, fae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and falsly said
 The Scots were rebels a', man :
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught, he never fought,
 When he had room to flee, man.

But

* George Campbell, a wright in Edinburgh.

† Mr Myrie, a student of phyfic from Jamaica, who was miserably mangled with the broad swords.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,
 Stood still and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell ;
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, with his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the king,—man.
 Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man ;
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fow bald can tell, how her nainfell
 Was ne'er so pra before, man.
 At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Be-west the meadow mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain ;
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unko' hacks and deadly whaks,
 I never saw the like, man ;
 Lost hands and heads, cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston dike, man.
 That afternoon, when a' was done.
 I gade to see the fray, man ;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa' man ;
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

XLIX. Tune, *The Mill, Mill—O.*

'T Was Pope first in vogue
 Brought the blyth Molly Mogg,
 And flourish'd her praise with his quill—O ;
 But it's strange, that as yet our Twickenham wit
 Ne'er thought on a neighbouring mill—O.

That

That the sea's foaming juice did Venus produce,

Let poet's insist on it still—O ;

Yet I stoutly aver, that a fairer than her

Took her rise from the maid of the mill—O.

Then say, O ye nine ! how a nymph so divine

Could the lap of a miller's wife fill—O ?

Say, did not some god stray out of the road,

And set up his staff in the mill—O ?

Jove, roguish and loose, in the shape of a goose,

Did Leda so lovingly bill—O.

That Helen she hatch'd, who ne'er yet was match'd

But by this fair maid of the mill—O.

In another disguise, Alcmene he plies,

Like Amphytrion, he frolic'd his fill—O ;

Then why might not Jove, as a cloak for his love,

Take upon him the man of the mill—O ?

To tell ev'ry grace of this fresh-water lass,

I own far surpasses my skill—O ;

Ev'n Pope could not do't, and from head to foot

Describe the fair maid of the mill—O ;

If Homer inflam'd, had an hundred tongues claim'd,

Such an arduous task to fulfil—O ;

Yet I tell the old bard, the case were too hard.

Though he had all the clacks of the mill—O.

Ye beaux all beware, she's bewitchingly fair,

Her eyes most assuredly kill—O ;

And a bosom more sleek than the downy swan's neck,

Has this dearest sweet maid of the mill—O.

Under petticoat red, though her feet be well hid,

Yet peep they alternately wilt—O ;

Which plainly doth shew, that more charms lie perdue

In this dearest sweet maid of the mill—O.

Then fy, muse, beware, it were better by far,

Such charms as these to conceal—O,

Lest thereby you might new rivals incite,

And bring more sacks to the mill—O.

With influence benign, ah ! would she incline

With her stars to favour my will—O !

That I might be with her, 'twere rapture, I swear,

And music to live in the mill—O.

Then fair maid, be kind, nor with water or wind,
 Unconstant turn round like the wheel—O;
 Left when I am dead, it may truly be said,
 That your heart was the stone of the mill—O.

L. *Tune, Tweed Side.*

OH! think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can be;
 Had I a great princess been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me.
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 In love there is nothing but charms;
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to those arms.
 In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost,
 Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
 Let gold's empty show cheat the great
 We more real pleasures will prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage will love.

LI. *Polwart on the Green.*

AT Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conven
 To dance about the thorn.
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.
 Let dorty dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly show my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee:
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new maun hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen;
 We'll spend the heartsome day;
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To tak a part of mine.

LII. *Woo'd, and Married and a'.*

WOO'D, and married, and a',
Woo'd, and married, and a' ;

Was she nae very weel aff

Was, woo'd, and married, and a'.

The bride came out o' the byre.

And O as she dighted her cheeks,

Sirs, I'm to be married the night,

And has neither blankets nor sheets :

Has neither blankets nor sheets,

Nor scarce a coverlet too ;

The bride that has a' to borrow

Has e'en right meikle ado.

Out then spak the bride's father,

As he came in frae the plough ;

O had your tongue my doghter,

And ye's get gear enough ;

The stirk that stands i' the tether,

And our bra' basin'd yad,

Will carry ye hame your corn,

What wad ye be at, ye jade.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out then spak the bride's mither.

What d—l needs a' this pride ;

I had nae a plack i' me pouch

That night I was a bride ;

My gown was linsy-woolfsy,

And ne'er a fark ava ;

And ye hae ribbands and buskins,

Mae than ane or twa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,

Though we be scant o' claihts,

We'll creep the nearer the gither,

And we'll smoor a' the flaes :

Simmer is coming on,

And we'll get teats of woo ;

And we'll hae a lafs o' our ain,

And she'll spin claiths anew.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out then spak the bride's brither,

As he came in wi' the ky ;

Poor Willie had ne'er a' ta'en ye,

Had he kend you as weel as I :

For ye're baith prond and sawcy,

And nae for a poor man's wife ;

Gin I canna get a far better,

I'll never take ane i' my life.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out then spak the bride's sister,

As she came in frae the byre ;

O gin I were but married,

'Tis a' that I desire :

But we poor folk maun live single,

And do the best we can ;

I dinna care what I shou'd want,

If I cou'd get but a man.

Woo'd, and married, and a'

Woo'd, and married, and a' ;

And was she nae very weel aff,

That was woo'd, and married, and a'.

LIII. *The Rose in Yarrow.*

Tune; Mary Scot.

• **T**WAS Summer; and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow !
 Till then despising beauty's pow'r,
 I kept my heart, my own secure ;
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now inflave me.

Will

Will cruel love no bribe receive !
 No ransom take for Mary's slave ?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me,
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair ;
 This beauteous flow'r, this rose of Yarrow,
 In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heav'n but one request,
 I'll ask to lie on Mary's breast :
 There would I live or die with pleasure,
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
 Despising kings, and all that's great,
 I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate,
 My joy complete on such a marrow
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But though such bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my chain,
 In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
 For, leaving life, I'll always love her.
 What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
 That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
 And she shall yet become my marrow,
 The lovely, beauteous rose of Yarrow.

LVI. ROB'S JOCK.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast-day, when we were fou ;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock came ye here to woo ?
 She burnist her baith breast and brou,
 And made her clear as ony clock :
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trow
 Ye came to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, forsooth, I yearn fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down by you :
 Then spak her miny, and said again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.

Tehee! quo' Jenny, kick, kick, I see you,
Minn, yon man makes but a mock.

Deil hae the liars—fu' leis me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock,

My bairn has tocher of her awin;

A goose, a gryce, a cock and hen,

A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,

A bake-bread and a bannock-stane;

A pig, a pat, a kirk there-ben,

A kame-but, and a kaming-stock;

With coags and luggies nine or ten.

Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,

A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,

An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,

A milsie, and a sown-pale,

A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,

And a timber mell the beer-to knock,

Twa shelves made of an auld fir-dale:

Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furr, a furlet, and a peck,

A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,

A tub, a barrow, and a seck,

A spurtil-braid, and an elwand:

Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,

And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,

And made a bridal upo' hand.

Now I hae got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I hae your doghter marri'd,

And though ye mak it ne'er sae teugh,

Illet you wit she's nae miscarry'd,

'Tis weel kend I hae gear enough:

Ane auld gau'd gloy'd fell ower a heugh,

A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;

Withouten owfen I hae a pleugh;

May that nae fer your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,

Twa buits of barkint blasint leather,

A graith that ganes to coble shoorn,

And a thrawcruik to twyne a tether;

Twa crooks that moup among the heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
 A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
 To had your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a craddle,
 A rake of iron to clat the byre,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
 The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
 And Rob my eem hetcht me a stock,
 Twa lussy lips to lick a laddle;
 May thir no gane your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A pair of hams and brechim fine,
 And, without bitts, a bridle-renzie,
 A fark made of the linksome twine,
 A gay green cloke that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in store—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
 And are na thae a wakrise menzie,
 To gae to bed wi' Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well kend I am well bodin:
 Ye need na say my part is least,
 Were they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin;
 Whan we hae done, tak hame the brok;
 The roast was teugh as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

LV. *The Cobler's Happiness.*

Tune, Come let us prepare, &c.

LET matters of state disquiet the great;
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him;
 Has nought but his wife to ruffle his life,
 And her he can strap, if she vex him.

Hè's out of the pow'r of fortune that whore,
 Since low, as can be, she has thrust him,

From

From duns he's secure; for being so poor,
There's none can be found that will trust him.

C. COFFE.

LVI. *Tune, Over the hills, and far awa'*

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass:
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.
Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
And I would love you all the day;
Every night would kiss and play,
If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away.

J. GAY.

LVII. *Hunting Song going out.*

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn.
To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
To unharbour the outlying deer.

Chorus of huntsmen.

All the day long, this, this is our song:

Still hallooing, and following, so frolic and free:

Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the hounds;

No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow!

While the hills they all echo—Halloo!

With a bounce from his cover when he flies,

Then our shouts they resound to the skies.

All the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb

Up the heath-breathing mountain sublime,

What a joy from our labour we feel!

Which alone they who taste can reveal.

All the day long, &c.

LVIII.

THE sweet rosy morning peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;

The

The merry, merry, merry horns call, Come, come away;
Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day,

The merry, merry, &c.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.

Then follow, follow, &c.

The days sport when over, makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.

Then let us, &c.

LIX. *The RIVAL.*

Tune, Young Celia in her tender years.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curst,
Of all the sorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worst.
By partners, in another kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you see
Arising in my breast,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but flight the rest.
Howe'er severe your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

LX.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears.

Wittily,

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chace her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
 Sooth her, and smooth her,
 And tease her, and please her,
 And touch but her smicket; and all's your own
 Do you fancy a widow, well known in men,
 With the front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly,
 Put her in mind how her time steals on.
 Rattle and prattle, although she frown,
 Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon;
 And shew her you're able
 Some hour to grapple,
 And get but her writings; and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety.
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone;
 Dog her, and jog her,
 And meet her, and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea; and all's your own.

LXI. Tune, *The man that is drunk, &c.*

THE man that's contented, is void of all care,
 And tours far above the slav'ry of fear.
 A mind that's serene, and a body in health,
 Gives him all the pleasures and grandeur of wealth.
 Last day I went out with a heart full of joy,
 Which nothing but vice or sharp pain could annoy;
 The first that I met was a miser, whose gloom
 Shew'd a soul that was muddy, and straiten'd in room.
 In Britain's fair island there's none to be seen,
 Of more sullen, selfish, and sordid a mein;
 Regardless of honour, a slave to his gold,
 Despis'd of the young, and contemn'd of the old.
 The next that I met was a profligate ass,
 Whose brains were of cork, and his forehead of brass;

By

By game he was galloping through his estate,
And mis'ry attended his sad sinking state.

O place me, kind heav'n! in what station you please,
So my body be in health, and my soul be at ease;
By command of myself independent and free,
Contentment shall still be a pleasure to me.

O rather in a cottage may I be fed
With roots the most common, and coarsest brown bread,
Than to riot with luxury, fopp'ry, and vice;
They're the loss of contentment, too precious a price.
Let rakes ramble after their harlots and wine,
Till with poxes and palsies their carcases dwine;
Grow old while they're young, and wasted their store,
While the vot'ries of virtue are blyth at fourscore.

The thunder may roar, and the hurricanes make
The ocean to boil, and the forests to shake;
The lightning may flash, and the rocks may be rent,
But nothing can ruffle the mind that's content.

This world's well freighted with wonders in store,
And I sent into it to think and explore;
And when the due summons shall call me away,
No more's to be said, but contented obey.

LXII. CHEVY CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all.
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Piercy took his way,
The child may rue that was unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three Summer days to take;

The choicest harts of Chevy-chace
To kill and bear away.

These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
 He would prevent the sport.
 The English Earl, not fearing him,
 Did to the woods resort,
 With twenty hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might ;
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.
 The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
 To chace the fallow-deer.
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear ;
 And, long before high noon they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain :
 Then, having din'd, the rovers went
 To rouse them up again.
 The bowmen muster'd on the hill,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their back-sides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.
 The hounds ran swiftly through the wood,
 The nimble deer to take ;
 And, with their cries, the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.
 Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
 To view the fallow-deer ;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here ;
 But if I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay ;
 With that, a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did say,
 Lo, yonder doth Lord Douglas come !
 His men in armour bright,
 Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
 All marching in our fight ;
 All pleasant men of Teviotdale,
 Dwell by the river Tweed.
 Then cease your sport, Earl Piercy said,
 And take your bows with speed ;

And

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage to advance :
 For there was ne'er a champion yet
 In Scotland, or in France,
 That ever did on horseback come,
 But, if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.
 Lord Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.
 Show me, said he, whose men you be
 That hunt so boldly here ;
 That, without my consent, do chace
 And kill my fallow-deer.
 The first man that did answer make,
 Was noble Piercy he,
 Who said, We list not to declare
 Nor show whose men we be ;
 Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
 The choicest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say,
 Ere thus I will outbraved be,
 One of us two shall die.
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
 Lord Piercy, so am I.
 But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmless men ;
 For they have done no ill.
 Let thee and me the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, said Earl Piercy,
 By whom this is deny'd.
 Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
 Witherington by name :
 Who said, He would not have it told
 To Henry his king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two earls, said Withrington,
 And I a squire alone;
 I'll do the best that I may do,
 While I have pow'r to stand;
 While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.
 Our Scottish archers bent their bows:
 Their hearts were good and true:
 At the first flight of arrows bent,
 They fourscore English slew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Douglas bade on the bent;
 A captain mov'd with meikle pride,
 The spears in shivers went.
 They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found,
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.
 O! but it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 All scatter'd here and there!
 At last thir two stout earls did meet,
 Like chieftans of great might:
 Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,
 They made a cruel fight.
 They fought, until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel,
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trinkling down did feel.
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king.
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And this report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn :
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.
 With that there came an arrow keen,
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Lord Douglas to the heart
 A deep and deadly blow :
 Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on my merry-men all :
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.
 Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, Lord Douglas, for thy life,
 Would I had lost my land.
 O, but my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake !
 For, sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.
 A knight among the Scots there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Earl Piercy.
 Sir Hugh Montgom'ry he was call'd,
 Who, with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Rode fiercely through the fight.
 He pass'd the English archers all,
 Without or dread or fear,
 And through Earl Piercy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.
 With such a veh'ment force and might
 His body he did gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard and more.
 So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 His noble lord was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard's length
 Unto the head drew he :
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then
 So right his shaft he set,
 The grey goose wings that were therein
 In his heart's blood were wet.
 The fight did last from break of day,
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rang the ev'ning bell,
 The battle scarce was done.
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain,
 Sir John of Ogertoun,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron ;
 Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,
 Both knights of good account :
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.
 For Witherington I needs must wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought still on his stumps,
 And, with Earl Douglas, there was slain,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
 One foot would never flee.
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
 His sister's son was he :
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.
 And the Lord Maxwell, in likeways
 Did with Earl Douglas die.
 Of fifteen hundred Scottish Peers,
 Went home but fifty three.
 Of twenty hundred English men,
 Scarce fifty-five did flee ;
 The rest were slain at Chevy-chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They carried them away;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were cold as clay.
 The news were brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.
 Now, God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be;
 I trust I have, in my realm,
 Five hundred good as he.
 Like tidings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Piercy of Northumberland,
 Was slain at Chevy-chace.
 O heavy news! King Henry said,
 England can witness be,
 I have not any captain more,
 Of such account as he.
 Now of the rest of small account,
 Did many hundreds die,
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chace,
 Made by the Earl Piercy.
 God save the King, and bless the land,
 With plenty, joy, and peace,
 And grant, henceforth that foul debates
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

LXIII. *The King and the Miller.*

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
 A clown in his dress may be honest far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his *bettors* are not very clean;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal,
 What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He crubs, without scruple, from other mens sacks;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags,
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate:
 In this he mimicks the *tools* of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lie,
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
If so happy, &c.

LXIV. *I have a green Purse, and a wee Pickle Gowd.*

Tune, A rock and a wee pickle tow.

I Have a green purse, and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and a planting on't;
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't.
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight;
 To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my fight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang sauntring on't.
 My Christy she's charming, and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair:
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou

Thou fairest and dearest, delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces by heav'n were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Chirsty, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine.
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me, with smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament;
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

LXV. *PATIE and PEGGY.*

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
 Red-cheeked, you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haf year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a';
 But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 'Till that day, come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Chor.

*Chor. Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

LXVI. WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight-hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robes that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love, had like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! (she cry'd,) thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright thee, faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;

And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?

How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?

Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet leave these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?

And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red ;

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death ;
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is ;

This winding ſheet I wear ;

And cold and dreary laſts our night,

Till that laſt morn appear.

But, hark !—the cock has warn'd me hence——

A long and laſt adieu !

Come ſee, falſe man ! how low ſhe lies

That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,

And rais'd her glist'ring head ;

Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb ;

Then raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place

Where Margaret's body lay,

And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf

That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,

And thrice he wept full ſore ;

Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,

And words ſpak never more.

LXVII. O'er BOGIE.

I Will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her;
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Though ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And weel I wat, we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare:
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms:
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
 Shamefa' them that wad change
 A kiss of Betty and a smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown.
I will awa', &c.

LXVIII.

AS charming Clara walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove, descending from his tow'r,
 To court her in a silver show'r.
 The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
 Like little birds into their nests;
 But, being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

LXIX. *Pretty SALLY.*

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives so in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em:
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely:
 But let him bang his belly-full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest in all my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 My master carries me to church;
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named:
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 When Christmas comes about again,
 O! then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey;
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my long seven years are out,
 O! then I'll marry Sally;
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not into our alley.

LXX.

O H! the time that is past,
 When she held me so fast,
 And declar'd that her honour no longer could last;
 No light, but her languishing eyes did appear,
 To vent all excuses and blushes and fear.

How

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
 With such trembling and haste,
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd;
 My lips the sweet pleasure of kisses enjoy'd;
 While my hands were in search of hid treasure employ'd.

With my heart all on fire,
 In the flames of desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
 She cry'd, Oh! for pity's sake change your ill mind;
 Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your blifs you destroy,
 Like a naked young boy,
 Who fears the kind river he came to enjoy;
 Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from harm,
 And make the cold element pleasant and warm,

Dear Amyntas! she cries,
 Then she cast down her eyes,
 And with kisses confest what she faintly denies,
 Too sure of my conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 Till her free consent did more sweeten the prey.

But too late I began,
 For her passion was done;
 Now Amyntas! she cry'd, I will never be won;
 Thy tears and thy courtship no pity can move;
 Thou hast slighted the critical minute of love.

LXXI. *The GRAND TACK.*

Tune, Clout the Caldron.

THE globe of earth, on which we dwell,
 Is tack'd unto the poles, Sir;
 The little worlds our carcasses,
 Are tack'd unto our souls, Sir:
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

The parson's work is taylor-like,
 To tack the soul to heav'n;
 The doctor's is to keep the tack
 'Twixt soul and body even:
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

The priest besides, by office *tacks*;
 The husband to the wife, Sir;
 And that's a *tack* (God help them both)
 Which always holds for life, Sir.
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

The lawyer studies how to *tack*
 His client to the laws, Sir;
 Th' attorney *tacks* whole quires and reams
 To lengthen out his cause, Sir.
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

The commons, lords, and English crown,
 Are all three *tack'd* together,
 And shou'd they chance to be *untack'd*,
 No good can come of either.
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

The crown is *tack'd* unto the church,
 The church unto the crown, Sir;
 The Whigs are slightly *tack'd* to both,
 And so may soon come down, Sir.
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

Since all the world's a general *tack*
 Of one thing to another;
 Then why about an honest *tack*
 Do fools make such a pother?
Tal, lal, deral, &c.

LXXII.

STELLA, darling of the muses,
 Fairer than the blooming Spring;
 Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing.
 Whilst my soul with wonder traces
 All thy charms of face and mind,
 All the beauties, all the graces
 Of thy sex in thee I find.
 Love, and joy, and admiration,
 In my breast alternate rise:
 Words no more can paint my passion,
 Than the pencil can thine eyes.

Lavish

Lavish nature thee adorning,
 O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread
 Colours that do shame the morning,
 Shining with celestial red.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
 Boast their charms triumphant fit;
 Stella bright outvying either,
 This in beauty, that in wit.

Could the gods in bless'd condition,
 Ought on earth with envy view,
 Lovely Stella, their ambition
 Would be to resemble you.

LXXIII. By J. DRYDEN.

CALM was the ev'n, and clear was the sky,
 And the new-budding flow'rs did spring.

When all alone went Amyntas and I,
 To hear the sweet nightingales sing:

I sat, and he laid him down by me,
 But scarcely his breath could he draw;
 For when, with fear, he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and lay still a while,
 And his modesty crub'd his desire;
 But straight I o'ercame all his fear with a smile,
 Which added new flames to his fire;

O Sylvia, said he, you're cruel,
 To keep your poor lover in awe:
 Then once more he prest his hand on my breast,
 But was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case;
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near;
 And laid my cheek close to his face.

But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A shepherd came by us and saw;
 And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd with a ha, ha, ha.

LXXIV. *The TUTOR.*

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
 Learn to give and take the bliss;
 Come, my love, here's none but we,
 I'll instruct thee how to kiss:
 Why turn from me that dear face?
 Why that blush and downcast eye;
 Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
 And the mutual rapture try.
 Throw ~~thy~~ lovely twining arms
 Round my neck, or round my waste;
 And while I devour thy charms,
 Let me closely be embrac'd:
 Then, when soft ideas rise,
 And your gay desires grow strong:
 Let them sparkle in thine eyes,
 Let them murmur from thy tongue.
 To my breast with rapture cling,
 Look with transport on my face;
 Kiss me, press me, every thing
 To endear the fond embrace:
 Ev'ry tender name of love,
 In soft whispers let me hear;
 And let speaking nature prove
 Every extasy sincere.

LXXV. *The SECRET KISS.*

AT the silent ev'ning hour,
 Two fond lovers, in a bow'r,
 Sought their mutual bliss;
 Though her heart was just relenting,
 Though her eyes seem'd just consenting,
 Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.
 Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
 Will those rosy blushes hide,
 Why, why will you resist?
 When no tell-tale spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Who, who would not be kiss'd?

Celia hearing what he said,
 Blushing, lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill;
 Since, she cry'd, no spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Kifs, kifs, or what you will.

LXXVI. *The BORROW'D KISS.*

SEE I languish! see I faint!
 I must borrow, beg or steal;
 Can you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel?
 Give, or lend, or let me take
 One sweet kifs, I ask no more;
 One sweet kifs, for pity's sake,
 I'll repay it with a score;
 Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate, and sweet;
 Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
 And for me to give's not meet:
 But I'll lend a kifs or twain,
 To poor Colin in distress;
 Not that I'll be paid again,
 Colin I mean nothing less.

LXXVII. *The RAPTURE.*

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia, who can speak my bliss;
 When the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kifs!
 Ev'ry look with love inspires me,
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;
 Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,
 Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.
 Those dear eyes how soft they languish!
 Feel my heart with rapture beat:
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet:

Look not so divinely on me,
 Celia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn these eyes upon me;
 Who'd not die a death like this?

LXXVIII. *The STOLLEN KISS.*

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind
 Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing;
 Tempted with the swelling charms,
 Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her arms,
 Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.
 O'er her downy panting breasts,
 His delighted fingers roving,
 To her lips his lips he prest
 In the extasy of loving:
 Chloe wak'ned with his kiss,
 Pleas'd, yet frown'd to conceal it,
 Cry'd, True lovers share the bliss,
 Why then, Colin, wou'd you steal it?

LXXIX. *The IMAGINARY KISS.*

WHEN Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the green,
 Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind;
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
 And warmth with modesty join'd;
 Transported with sudden amazement, I stood
 Fast rivetted down to the place:
 Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,
 And wander'd o'er every grace.
 Ye gods, what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
 What raptures must dwell in her arms!
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die;
 O Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
 Soft transports my senses invade,
 Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled,
 And left me to kiss but the shade.

LXXX. *The FEAST.*

POLLY, when your lips you join

Lovely pouting lips to mine;

To the bee the flow'ry field

Such a banquet does not yield:

Not the dewy morning rose

So much sweetness does disclose:

Not the gods such Nectar sip,

As Colin from thy balmy lip.

Kiss me, then, with rapture kiss,

We'll surpass the gods in bliss,

We'll surpass, we'll surpass,

We'll, &c.

LXXXI. *The MEETING KISS.*

LET me fly into thy arms,

Let me taste again thy charms;

Kiss me, press me to thy breast,

In raptures not to be express:

Let me clasp thy lovely waist,

Throw thy arms around my neck;

Thus embracing, and embrac'd,

Nothing shall our raptures check:

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing,

Lips with lips together growing,

Eyes with tears of gladness flowing,

Eyes and lips and hearts shall show

Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

Th' excess, &c.

LXXXII. *The RECONCILING KISS.*

WH Y that sadness on thy brow?

Why that starting chrystal tear?

Dearest Polly, let me know?

For thy grief I cannot bear.

Polly, with a sigh, reply'd;

What needs I the cause impart?

Did not you this moment chide?

And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin.

Colin, melting as the spoke,
 Caught the fair-one in his arms;
 O, my dear ! thy tender look
 Every passion quite disarms.
 By this dear, relenting kiss,
 I'd no anger in my thought :
 Come, my love, by this and this,
 Let our quarrel be forgot.
 As when sudden stormy rain
 Ev'ry drooping flow'ret spoils;
 When the sun shines out again,
 All the face of nature smiles.
 Polly so reviv'd and chear'd,
 By her Colin's kind embrace,
 Her declining head up-rear'd,
 Sweetly smiling in his face.

LXXXIII. *The MUTUAL KISS.*

CELIA, by these smiling graces,
 Which my panting bosom warm ;
 By the heav'n of thy embraces;
 By thy wondrous pow'r to charm ;
 By these soft bewitching glances
 Which my inmost bosom move ;
 By these lips whose kiss intrances,
 Thee, and thee alone I love.
 By thy godlike art of loving,
 Celia, with a blush, replies ;
 By thy heavenly pow'r of moving
 All my soul to sympathize ;
 By these eager soft caresses,
 By these arms around me thrown,
 By that look which truth expresses,
 My fond heart is all thy own.
 Thus, with glowing inclination,
 They indulge the tender bliss :
 And to bind the lasting passion,
 Seal it with a mutual kiss.

Close

Close in fond embraces lying,
 They together seem to grow;
 Such supreme delight enjoying,
 As true lovers only know.

LXXXIV. *The COBLER.*

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate;
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.

Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy;
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
 Saying, Just to a hair I've made both ends to meet,

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart,
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
 Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

He sung her love songs, as he sat at his work;
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and flee,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

He took up his *awl* that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd:
 He pierc'd through his *body*, instead of the *sole*;
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

And now, in good-will, I advise, as a friend,
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's *end*;
 Keep your hearts out of love; for we find by what's past,
 That love brings us all to an *end* at the *last*.

Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

LXXXV. *Scornfu' NANCY.*

NANCY's to the green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring;

And Willie he has follow'd her,

To gain her love by flatt'ring;

But a' that he could say or do,

She geck'd and scorned at him;

And ay when he began to woo,

She bade him mind wha gat him,

What ails ye at my dad, quo' he,

My miny, or my aunty;

With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,

Lang-kail, and ranty-tanty:

With bannocks of good barley meal,

Of thae there was right plenty,

With chapped flocks, fou' butter'd weel;

And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,

'Tis daffin to be vaunty.

He keepit ay a good kail-yard,

A ha' house and a pantry:

A good blue bonnet on his head,

An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;

And ay until the day he dy'd,

He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,

Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?

Wad ye compare ye're sell to me?

A docken to a tanfie!

I hae a wooer of my ain,

They ca' him Souple Sandy.

— And weel I wat his bonny mou'

Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow Nancy, what needs a' this din?

Do I not ken this Sandy?

I'm sure the chief of a' his kin,

Was Rab the beggar-randy!

His

His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack,
 To me your winsome Willie!

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Though it be auld and rousty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty:

And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
 I ken be disna fear ye:

Sae had your tongue, and sae nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

LXXXVI. *Corn-rigs are bonny.*

MY Patie is a lover gay;
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay;
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his walking;

The shining of his een surprize;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing;

There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;

That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny!

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since

Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernonny
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

LXXXVII. *Waly, Waly, gin love be bonny.*

O Waly, waly, up the bank,
 And waly, waly, down the brae;
 And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
 Where my love and I were wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.
 O waly, waly, but love be bony,
 A little while when it is new;
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kaim my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.
 Now Arthur's-feat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come;
 For of my life I am weary.
 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me:
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see:
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I my fell were dead and gane;
 For a maid again I'll never be.

LXXXVIII. *She raise and loot me in.*

THE night her silent fable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes;
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrouded only with her smock,
 Arose, and loot me in.
 Fast lock'd within my close embrace,
 She trembling stood agham'd;
 Her swelling breast and glowing face,
 And ev'ry touch inflam'd,
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win:
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.
 Then, then beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy:
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest'd a man was I;
 And she, all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise and let me in.
 But, ah ! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
 And fighting fat and dull;
 And I, who was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.

I

Her

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin :
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime ;
 Thus all was well again ;
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.

LXXXIX. *The DREG SONG.*

K EEP ye weel frae Sir John Malcom : Igo and ago.
 If he's a wise man, I mistak him : Iram coram dago,
 Keep ye weel frae Sandie Don : Igo and ago,
 He's ten times daster than Sir John : Iram coram dago.
 To hear them of their travels talk,
 To gae to London s but a walk :
 I hae been at Amsterdam,
 Where I saw mony a bra' madam.
 To see the wonders of the deep
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep ;
 To see the leviathans skip,
 And wi' their tails ding-o'er a ship.
 Was ye e'er in Crail town ?
 Did ye see clerk Dishingtoun ?
 His wig was like a drouket hen,
 And the tail o't hang down
 like a meikle maun lang draket-goose-pen.
 But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
 He has a glas in his best chanber ;
 But forth he stept unto the door,
 For he took pills the night before.

XC. *Tune, Auld Sir Simon the King.*

S OME say kissing's a sin ;
 But I say that winna stand ;

It is a most innocent thing,
And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,
The ministers it would reprove,
But they, their elders and session,
Can do it as well as the lave.

'Tis lang since it came in fashion,

I'm sure it will never be done,

As lang as there is a nation,

A lad, lass, wife, or a lown,

What can I say more to commend it?

Though I should speak all my life,

Yet this will I say in the end o't,

Let every man kiss his ain wife.

Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,

And gie her benevolence due,

And that will a thrifty wife make her;

And fae I'll bid farwel to you.

XCI. *TWEED-SIDE.*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;

Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,

With music inchant ev'ry bush,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge on some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss;
 Then, to ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray;
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

XCII. Tune, *Ettrick Banks.*

WHEN first those blooming charms I spy'd,
 That smiling play on Annie's face,
 Her air without affected pride,
 Her shape, her mein, and ev'ry grace,
 My heart, and ev'ry pulse beat fast,
 In hurry all my spirits mov'd;
 I felt new motions in my breast;
 The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd.
 But when her mirth and lively sense,
 With pleasure I attentive heard,
 Her wit and chearful innocence
 In ev'ry thought and word appear'd.
 Those lovely beauties of her mind
 A noble lasting joy impart,
 Excite the passions more refin'd,
 And doubly captivate the heart.

When Annie's presence I enjoy,
 A pleasant warmth within me glows;
 No care then does my bliss annoy;
 My soul with love and joy o'erflows.
 Thus, when the glorious god of day
 Dispels the gloomy shades of night,
 Nature reviving, all looks gay,
 And welcomes the returning light.

Oh!

Oh! would my charmer make me blest,
 And yield to ease her lover's pain,
 My fears all gone, my mind at rest,
 Then peace and joy should ever reign;
 Each happy hour with fresh delight,
 Would pass away in mutual love;
 In peace we'd spend the day and night,
 And emulate the blest'd above.

XCIIL. *The Complaint.*

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear:
 But, whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.
 All day I wander through the groves,
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me waking all the night.
 Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.
 Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look, or move a man.

XCIV.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air?

To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phoebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose.

All alone—yet, in her arms,
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
 Till bliss and blessing you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

XCV. *The Laplander's Love Song.*

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray

Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb the pine-trees topmost bough;
 Aloft in air, that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

— My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid,
 Up by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!

Yes

Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waite a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies:
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms, or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has stronger fetters far;
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind,
No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best,
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
Away to Orta, haste away!

XCVI. *The Happy Marriage.*

HOW blest has my time been! What joys have I known!
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own;
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
And borrow their looks, &c.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
To revel all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
And meets me at night, &c.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye-

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false views the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home,
To hold it for life, &c.

XCVII. *An thou wert my ain Thing.*

OF race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heav'n's sake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and, for your sake;
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fate my thread of life has spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upon thy mou',
 And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang's I have the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers, through the night,
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
 She moves a goddess o'er the green:
 Were I a king thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysell aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay;
 Since love admits of nae delay;
 O let nae scorn undo me.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

An thou wert my ain thing, &c.

XCVIII. Tune, *Cotillon*.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay, while we may,

Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.

Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to day,

Ours is not to morrow;

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing, time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of the spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

J. GAY.

XCIX.

'TWas past twelve o'clock, in a fine summer morning,

When all the village slept pleasantly,

Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning,

Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.

And then my fair Flora, freight with kind wishes,

I'll fold in my arms with am'rous kisses,

Which serves as preludes to more solid blisses,

Soon as the vicar has made us one.

CIBBER.

C. The

C. *The BLIND BOY.*

O Say what is that thing call'd *light*,
Which I can ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of the sight?

O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see;

You say the sun shines bright,

I feel him warm; but how can he,

Ere make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,

Whene'er I sleep or play;

And could I always keep awake,

It would be always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear

You mourn my hopeless woe:

But sure with patience I may bear

A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have

My cheer of mind destroy;

Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,

Although a poor blind boy.

CI. *If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.*

WHEN I was a young lad, my fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.

I spent all my means on whores, bawds, and queans;

Then I got a commission to plunder.

The hat I have on so greasy is grown,

Remarkable 'tis for its shining;

'Tis sticht all about, without button or loop,

And never a bit of a lining.

-- The coat I have on, so thread-bare is grown,

So out at the arm-pits and elbows;

That I look as absurd as a sailor on board,

That has lain fifteen months in the bilboes.

My shirt it is tore, both behind and before;

The colour is much like a cinder;

'Tis

'Tis so thin and so fine, that it is my design
To present it the muses for tinder.

My blue fustain breeches are wore to the stitches,
My legs you may see what's between them;
My pockets, all four, I'm the son of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.

I have stockings, 'tis true, but the devil a shoe;
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather.
Be damn'd the boot sole, curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye but seen the sad plight I was in,
Ye'd not seen such a poet 'mongst twenty.
I've nothing that's full, but my shirt and my scull,
For my pockets and belly are empty.
Fall, all, de ral, &c.

CII.

YE gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine
For greater blis design her,
T' obey your wills at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

CIII. *Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*

BY a murm'ring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye nymphs! I oft-times heard her say,
Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh! Strephon the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know that I lov'd him so;

Then

Then on my pale cheeks no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
 But finding her breathless, O heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.
 They, fighting, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess's heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then! is Chloris dead, wounded by me, he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade;
 Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

CIV. *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching, rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would often times go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That Silvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Madie be fair,
 Her beauty was dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,
 But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing
 Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 Then, fighting, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty, sweet Susie his mistress might be.

CV.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,

And he took up his quarters into a land'art town ;

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,

Sae late into the night :

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,

Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright ;

And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in a hint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw
and hay,

And in a hint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the
door,

And there she saw the beggar stiff standing i' the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran ;
O hooley ! hooley ! wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spak,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

Is there ony dogs into this town ? maiden, tell me true.
And what wad ye do wi' them ? my hinny and my dow.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle
wrang

O dool for the doin' o't ! are ye the poor man ?

Then she took up the meal pocks, and flang them o'er
the wa'.

The d—l gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead and a'.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie:
O dool for the doing o't ! are ye the poor bodie ?

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hundred merk to pay the nurice fee.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
thrill,

And four and twenty belted knights came skippin o'er
the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shoulder height.
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

CVI. *The Archers March.*

SOUND, sound the music, sound it;
Let hills and dales rebound it;
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praise of archery.

Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generously inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art, by the gods employed,
By which our heroes enjoyed,
By which our heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory,

The deity of Parnassus,
The god of soft caresses,
Chaste Cynthia, and her lasses
Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended!
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.

All nations, Turks, and Parthians,
The Tartars, and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none could e'er excel us
In martial archery

With

With shafts our fires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Roman's raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spar'd few Danes to flee.

Witness Largs and Luncartie,
 Dunkeld and Aberlemny,
 Dunkeld and Aberlemny,
 Roslin and Bannockburn,
 The Cheviots—all the border,
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, If furdur
 they mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the music, - sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery.

Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony.

K 2

The

LARGS, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant King Haco, were, anno 1263, totally defeated by Alexander III. King of Scots; the heroic Alexander, great steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

LUNCARTY near Perth, where King Kenneth III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave HAY, and his two sons.

DUNKELD, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great King Corbredus Galdus, in three battles overthrew 30,000 Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Domitian.

ABERLEMNY, four miles from Brechin, where King Malcolm II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegian, and Cumbrians, commanded by Sueno King of Demark, and his warlike son, Prince Canute.

ROSLIN, about five miles south of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir John Cumin, and Sir Simon Fraser, defeated, in three battles in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, anno 1303.

The battles of Bannockburn and Cheviot are so well known, that they require no note.

The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning-dew bestowing
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flow'rs and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree.

Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring to slavery,
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Fill up the glass, and round wi't,
 Fill up the glass, and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity,

T' our great CHIEF and officers,
 T' our President and Counsellors ;
 To all, who, like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

CVII. *Fools have Fortune.*

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride,
 For riches, like fig-leaves, his nakedness hide ;
 But the slave that is poor, may starve all his life
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.
 In the good days of yore, they ne'er troubled their heads,
 With settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
 But Adam and Eve, at their first intercourse,
 Ev'n took one another for better, for worse.
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
 Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate.
 You can never be poor, who have so many charms,
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

CVIII. *Tune, Saw na ye my Maggy ?*

O How Peggy charms me !
 Every look still warms me,
 Every thought alarms me,
 Lest I lose the fair,

Sure

Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine an air.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her,
 Could I but obtain her!

 Her alone I've chose.
 And since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 T'er her breast I'll vent my woes.

CIX. *The Charms of Sally, By Mr Boyce.*

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally may compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair.

The beams of Sol delight and chear,
 While summer-seasons roll ;
 But Sally's charms can, all the year,
 Give summer to the soul.

When, from the east, the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow.

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Bids sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimics, while he swells the note,
 The sweetness of her voice.

The fawning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume ;
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal ev'ry vale.

The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is turn'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lads and swains
 To mirthful walk resort ;
 Nor, ev'ry May morn, on the plain
 Advance in rural sport.

No more shall gush the gurgling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove ;
 Nor flocks look snow like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

CX. TAY-BANKS.

Tune, Colin's Complaint.

ON the banks of the sweet flowing Tay,
 A shepherd desponding reclin'd ;
 Poor Damon, alas ! he did say,
 You may die now, since Delia's unkind :
 When I liv'd in her favour before,
 Fair peace did my moments employ ;
 She has left me, and what have I more,
 That can give either pleasure or joy.
 Ah ! how could I think the fair maid
 Would deign to so humble a swain,
 When so many gay shepherds invade,
 And follow her over the plain ?
 My flock's all the treasure I have,
 And a small one with others compar'd.
 I was pleas'd with what providence gave,
 And its favour most thankfully shar'd.
 But since Delia deserted the vale,
 My sheep all neglected do stray,
 And my pipe that enliven'd the dale,
 I have thrown, as quite useless, away.

Yes

Ye warblers that tune the soft strain,
 And chant it along ev'ry bough,
 I pray you your music refrain,
 I've no taste for your melody now.

My bleaters, your pasture forego,
 And sooth my complaint with your cries;
 And ye breezes that gently do blow,
 Indulge a reply to my sighs;
 And Delia, oh! hear my last wish,
 While I breathe, it must centre in you;
 A more opulent swain you may bless,
 But you never can find one more true.

CXI. *By a Gentleman in London, to his Wife in the Country.*

TEdious moments! speed your flying,
 Bring Cordelia to my arms;
 Absent, all in vain I'm trying,
 Not to languish for her charms.
 Busy crouds in vain surround me,
 Brightest beauties shine in vain;
 Other pleasures but confound me,
 Pleasures but renew my pain.
 What though three whole years are ended,
 Since the priest has join'd our hands,
 Ev'ry rolling year has tended
 Only to endear our bands.
 Let the wanton wits deride it,
 Husband is a charming name:
 None can say, but who has try'd it,
 How enjoyment feeds the flame.
 Wives our better angels are,
 Angels in their loveliest dress,
 Gentle soothers of our care,
 Smiling guardians of our peace.
 Happy state of mortal treasure,
 Circling maze of noblest loves;
 Where the sense's highest pleasure,
 But the meanest blessing proves.

Dear

Dear Cordelia ! hither flying
 Fold thy husband in thy arms :
 While thus, t' amuse myself I'm trying,
 More I languish for thy charms.

CXII. *HAPPY CLOWN.*

WHEN Aurora gilds the morning
 With a sweet delightful ray ;
 Blooming flowers the fields adorning,
 In the charming month of May :
 Then how pleasant and contented,
 Lives the lowly country clown,
 In the valley, unfrequented
 By the knaves who crowd to town !
 With the early lark awaking,
 He enjoys the chearful day ;
 Labour ev'ry hour partaking,
 Whistling thought and care away.
 Nature all his toil befriending,
 Of her treasure he's possess'd ;
 Health and peace his life attending,
 Is the monarch half so blest'd ?
 Birds his list'ning ear enchanting,
 Verdant hills and dales his sight :
 Nothing to his sense is wanting
 Which can give him true delight.
 Love, with innocence combining,
 His unsettled heart alarms ;
 Like the flowers in garlands twining,
 Sweetly various in its charms.
 Happy clown ! who thus possesses
 Pleasure unalloy'd with strife,
 Wisdom nothing more caresses
 Than the humble vale of life.
 Riches knaves delight in gaining,
 Grandeur is by fools admir'd ;
 All that wise men wish obtaining,
 Is to live and die retir'd :

CXIII. *The CHOICE.*

SOME love a woman for her wit,
 Some beauty do admire;
 Some love a handsome leg or foot,
 Some upward do aspire.
 Some love a mistress nice and coy,
 Some freedom do approve;
 Some like their persons to enjoy,
 Some for Platonic love.
 Some love a widow, some a maid,
 Some love the old, some young;
 Some love until they be betray'd,
 Some till they be undone.
 Some love for money, some for worth,
 Some love the proud and high;
 Some love for fancy, some for birth,
 Some love, and know not why.
 Some love the little, plump and fat,
 Some love the long and small:
 Some love for kindness, and 'tis that
 Moves me beyond them all.

CXIV.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love;
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness bless;
 As may merit name the best;

Yet

Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go:
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

CXV. *By Montrose.*

UNhappy is the man,
In whose breast is confin'd
The sorrows and distresses all
Of an afflicted mind.
The extremity is great,
He dies if he conceal;
The world's so void of secret friends,
Betray'd if he reveal.
Then break afflicted hearts,
And live not in these days,
When all prove merchants of their faith,
None trusts what other says.
For when the sun doth shine,
Then shadows do appear,
But when the sun doth hide his face,
They with the sun retire.
Some friends as shadows are,
And fortune as the sun;
They never proffer any help
Till fortune first begin.
But if in any case
Fortune shall first decay,
Then they, as shadows of the sun,
With fortune run away.

CXVI. *DAMON and CHLOE.*

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,

The prettiest young creature that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,

And I'd often say No,—often say No,—when I long'd
to say Yes;

And I'd often say, No,—often say. No,—when I long'd
to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,

And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame:

Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their
fleece;

I could hardly say No,—though ashamed to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning we sat in the grove,

He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his love,

Then tenderly ask'd, If I'd grant him a kiss?

I design'd to say No, but mistook, and said Yes,

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;

I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;

Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,

Ye must all die old maids, if you will not say, Yes.

CXVII. *The Charms of Virtue.*

NOT for thy rosy bloom alone,

Or snowy neck, I die,

Thy tender smile, or melting voice,

Or love persuading eye.

Oft have I gaz'd unhurt, on pride

Lodg'd in a mold divine:

Or listen'd safe, when folly flow'd

From lips so sweet at thine.

The soul o'er all thy frame diffus'd,

Paints ev'ry feature fair,

As angels tinge their forms at will,

When limb'd in lucid air.

Bright beaming through thy shape, appears

The heav'nly guest inspir'd.

'Twere virtue sure to kiss the case

That holds so fair a mind.

CXVIII.

CXVIII.

SO blyth as the linnet sings in the green wood,
 So blyth we'll wake, we'll wake the morn ;
 And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
 We'll wind—the bugle horn.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
 Bold Robin disdains, disdains to fly ;
 Let him come when he will in merry Sherwood,
 We'll vanquish,—boys, or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
 And well their masters, masters know ;
 They're cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,
 And ne'er—will spare one foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
 We'll hunt them all o'er, all o'er the plain ;
 And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
 No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John who could ne'er be subdu'd,
 Gave each their hand, their hand so bold ;
 And we'll range through the forest of merry Sherwood,
 What say my hearts of gold.

CXIX. *The Highland Queen.*

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains,
 More pleasing beauties now inspire,
 And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre :
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland queen.

In her sweet innocence I find,
 With beauty, truth, and freedom join'd ;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And gives a lustre to the whole ;
 A matchless shape, and lovely mein,
 All centre in my Highland queen.

No sudden rush, no trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;

From

From pride and affectation free,
 Alike the smiles on you and me ;
 The brightest nymph that trips the green
 I do pronounce my Highland queen.

How blest'd that youth, whom gentle fate
 Has destin'd to so fair a mate,
 With all those wond'rous gifts in store,
 While each returning day brings more !
 No man more happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland queen.

CXX. *Sung by Mr Gilson, at Vauxhall.*

YE virgins attend, believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan,
 Ne'er let it be said, There goes an old maid,
 But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find your hearts are inclin'd.
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then chuse out a youth with honour and truth,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age like a cloud, your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids, make your hay, while Sol darts his ray,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
 But baffle the snare, make virtue your care,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can

And, when Hymen's bands have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan ;
 Ne'er harbour the stings that jealousy brings,
 But be constant and blest while you can.

CXXI. *Set by Dr Arne.*

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,
 Come here, pretty maiden. and give me a buss !
 Lord, fellow! says I, mind your plough and your cart!
 Yes I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
 Thank you for nothing, with all my heart.

L

Well,

Well, then to be sure he grew civil enough,
 He gave me a box with a paper of snuff;
 I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
 To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.
 He said, if so be, he might make me his wife,
 Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;
 Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
 When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however he gain'd my consent,
 And with him one Sunday to chapel I went;
 But said, 'twas my goodness, more than his desert,
 Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
 And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
 But faith, when his rev'rence came to that part,
 There I thank'd him for nothing, with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would throw,
 I must not tell tales, but I know what I know;
 Young Roger confesses, I cur'd all his smart,
 And I thank him for something with all my heart.

CXXII.

TO the wood Robin red-breast is flown,
 The diary he visits no more:
 The violets and cowslips are blown,
 The cuckow's heard ev'ry field o'er.

Through the grove swells the blackbird's strong note,
 In concert with softer-ton'd thrush;
 The lark stretches wide his shrill throat,
 And linnets are heard in each bush.

The hawthorns are powder'd with May,
 The meadows array'd are in green;
 The ewes with their lambs are at play,
 Ah nature! — how lovely the scene!

Yet alas! what the beauties of spring,
 For my ease, ah too soon are they come!
 They bear the commands of the king,
 To march after bagpipe and drum.

And

And Donald, my darling, must go,
 It may be for ever we part;
 But, when that said tale I shall know,
 That moment breaks Peggy's poor heart.

CXXIII. *Tarry Woo.*

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is hastens done;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleeting sweetly as ye go
 Through the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart and hynd and fallow-deer,
 No be ha'f so useful are;
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
 All are oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip.
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too;
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back, and cramb the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou;
 Leese me on my tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer, mae:
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none,
 Not even a monarch on his throne.
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 He has not sweeter holy-days.
 Who'd be a king can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings fae well;
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

CXXIV.

P E G G Y.

W HEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was't to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells,
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee,

P A T I E.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom-knows,
 And Rosie lilts sweetly the Milking the Ewes;
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
 At throw the wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
 The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,
 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire?
 And praises fae kindly increases love's fire;
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SONGS

SONGS in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy :
 Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find ;
 Kind deceiver, flatter still :
 Deal out pleasures unpossess'd ;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me bless'd.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice :
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey :
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway ?

When once love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast :
 Rushing, like light'ning, through the veins,
 Each wish; and ev'ry thought's possess'd,
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

OH ! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My sheep upon the plain !
 What bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know :

Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
No lark more blyth than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be,
I care for no-body, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.

Tune From the east breaks the morn

LET gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear,
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.
The greatness that would make us grieve,
Is but an empty thing;

What:

What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king!

Tune, Dearest of all nature.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part,
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind,

Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
Childish mummery at best:
Happy I in humble state!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

Cupid, god of, &c.

Tune, Broom of the Cowden knows.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,

Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung,

Till he pretended love, and I

Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the silly, silly fool,

That trusts what man may be!

I wish I was a maid again,

And in my own country.

THE court and the city, fine folk may extol;
Where beauties all shining a paradise make;

But shew me the belles at a play or a ball,

To equal the lass at a fair or a wake.

Behold in a garden the roses new blown,

Such freshness smiles here upon every face;

While flow'rs in a chimney, your fire ones in town,

Look wither'd, and bear the dark hue of the place:

WE

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel show decoys;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys:
 We give our treasure to be paid
 A paltry, poor return in toys.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings;
 Time flies swift, and will away,
 Time that's ever on its wings.
 Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

Believe me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus, and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade.
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die
 (Oh! terrible chance!) an old maid—
 How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
 'Twere better on earth
 Have five brats at a birth,
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

When I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast:
 When hugg'd and hal'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd;
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again:
 Then hoity, toity,
 Whisking, frisking,
 Green was her gown upon the grass:
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

Tune;

Tune, Ask if yon damask rose be sweet.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range;
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire :
With pride my passion I reveal;
Oh, may it ne'er expire !

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

HOW blest the maid, whose bosom
No head-strong passion knows !
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in sweet repose :
Where-e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her ;
But pleasure,
Without measure
From every object flows.

IN vain I every art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away
That wrankles in my heart ;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

BE gone — I agree,
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've sworn.
Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain
A trial so hard to be born.
When things are not fit,
We should calmly submit,
No cure in reluctance we find :

Then

Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word, Farewel!
Farewel—but know, though thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

Y Oung I am, and fore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?
Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe;
And shou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

Tune, Let me wander not, &c.

M Y Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring,
And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type:
But when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

O H Hymen, propitious, receive in thy train
A pair uneduc'd by the selfish and vain;
Whom neither ambition nor interest draws,
But love, cordial subjects, submits to thy laws:
Our souls for the sweets of thy union prepare,
And grant us thy blisses unblended with care:
Let mutual compliance endear all our days,
And friendship grow stronger as passion decays.

Cease

CEase, gay seducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair;
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.
 Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe!

THE world is a well furnished table,
 Where guests are promiscuously set:
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.
 My simile holds to a title:
 Some gorge, while some have scarce a taste,
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

'TIs not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey;
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the sun true merit shows,
 By nature warm, by nature bright;
 With inbred flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

THe traveller benighted,
 And lead through weary ways:
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys.
 The rising prospects viewing,
 Each look is forward cast;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

IF ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest,
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.

Oh

Oh where, where would you fly me?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distress'd?
 Think, when my lover was by me,
 Wou'd I, how cou'd I refuse his request?
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you;
 Look on me sighing, crying, dying,
 Ah! is there no language can move?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

How much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find:
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd.
 The casket, where to outward show
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know
 It holds a gem within.

Tune, *Vainly now you strive, &c.*

When we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove,
 Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
 And repay him love for love.

Hence with cares, complaints and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ:
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain;
 Drink a health to love and beauty;
 May they long in triumph reign!

SONGS IN THE MAID OF THE MILL.

CHORUS.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh how blest the miller's life!
Chearful working through the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings,
By indulgent fortune sent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
More than plenty and content?

WAS I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship wou'd I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
Ere yield my hand so coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.
Wealth with others success will ensure you,
Where your wit and your person may please,
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

TRust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene:
Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell:
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be;
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she.
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.
But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whinning coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her;
Let her go, and never mind her:
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

Lord! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy;
But I the refusal can bear;
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die, in a fit of despair.
If so you suppose, you're mistaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
In one word 'tis this,
By nature they're design'd
To say and do amiss.
Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives;
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their

Their study, day and night,
Is mischief their delight ;
And if we should prevent
At one door the intent,
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry?
'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry ;
For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't :
S'flesh ! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horses from morning till night:
You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew you,
First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw you,
Henceforward, take care of your matters who will :
They're welcome to slave for your wages that need 'em,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

WHen a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.
Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shames it coy and cold ;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.
But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo :
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles to.

HArk ! 'tis I, your own true lover,
After walking three long miles,
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen !
I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possess,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest;
 Only say, the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing;
 I am hers, she is mine;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do you mean?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter-demallions——
 If one of them comes within reach of my cane.
 Such cursed assurance,
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay, pray come away,
 They're lyars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions
 Will find them but fictions,
 A bubble that always deceives.

WHat are outward forms and shows,
 To an honest heart compar'd?
 Oft the rustic wanting those,
 Has the nobler portion shar'd.
 Oft we see the homely flow'r,
 Bearing, at the hedge's side,
 Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
 Than the garden's gayest pride.

F I N I S.

